

From Zion's Herald.

A CAMP MEETING SCENE.

We extract the following graphic description of a camp meeting incident from the *Knight-Boeker*. How finely, it will be seen, the preacher took advantage of the leaping of the fawn into the enclosure of the camp ground, as a shelter from the pursuit of the wolf, and with what beauty, earnestness and eloquence, he seized upon that incident to warn sinners to "flee to the fold of God."

"Disembarking at Cincinnati, I set off on foot to explore the cavern of Kentucky and Virginia. Travelling late one evening, than usual, I lost my way for the night, and one of those extensive forests, which still skirt some of those western cities. After wandering about for some time, on turning a precipitous ridge which obstructed my course, I came suddenly upon one of those singular gatherings of the church militant, called camp meetings. Before me stretched a grove of tall pines beneath whose dark foliage, and in striking contrast with the same, pitched numerous white tents embracing a level area of several acres in extent, entirely devoid of underbrush, and carpeted with the falling tresses of the overhanging boughs. On one side of this enclosure, several feet from the ground a plain lodge, quadrangular formed of rough boards nailed to the trunks with the pulpit in front, and benches around the sides, for the elders and the ministers who were to address the congregation. From this spot to various points in the enclosure, stretched in diverging lines, the straight poles of lofty pines, felled for the occasion, across whose prostrate length, with the interspace of here and there a long drawn aisle, were laid the rude seats of those hardy worshippers. Innumerable lamps were suspended on all sides of the encampment, blending their flickering light with the glare of pine torches from the several tents, where the evening's repast was in preparation, while millions of fire flies shot like tiny meteors along the dark openings of the surrounding forests, and the eyes of the sleepless stars looked on as if to witness the devotion, of that primeval temple.

As I paused to survey the wonderful scene, the wild howl of a wolf rang through the shuddering air, and a moment after a fawn passed me, and bounding into the enclosure, dropped down exhausted in one of the open aisles. This singular instance was succeeded by a dead silence, which was presently interrupted by the voice of the speaker, who had just finished the last discourse of the evening, and was about reading the concluding hymn. "Welcome," said the aged man, with compassionate emotion, "welcome, poor, wearied and persecuted wanderer, to the refuge and rest ye seek not here in vain! Ye did well to flee hither from thy ravenous pursuer, for thereby have your days been lengthened, and ye shall yet range through the green places of the wilderness, where the hand of God bringeth forth the tender herb and the pleasant water courses, even for creatures such as ye. Pilgrims of the world, continued he, turning to his flushed auditory, "shall the beasts that perish be wiser in their day and generation than ye, who are fashioned after the image of the Allwise? Flee to the fold of God! The wild pigeon shrinks to her covert at the scream of the wood hawk, and the roebuck bounds fleetly from the yell of the panther, while ye, who are encompassed with many foes, having eyes, see not, and ears, hear not, or heed not the voice of the power. Not ye not that ye, like that poor panting hind, were hunted up and down in this dark wilderness of the world. Flee to the fold of God! Doth not temptation haunt your footsteps from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof? Doth not remorse dart his fiery darts into your bleeding hearts at every turn? Doth not conscience smite ye with its avenging sword whenever ye turn a deaf ear to the still small voice? Flee to the fold of God! Do not the cares of the world, its vanity and vexation of spirit surround ye, when ye rise up and when ye dream-dreams? Flee to the fold of God! Is not death the ever present shadow of your frailty, and doth not the Prince of the power of the air—the mighty Nimrod of your priceless souls—trace your guilty souls along this pilgrimage of sin? O flee then fellow sinners, flee to the fold of God, wherein ye shall find a refuge and a rest."

Vain were the attempts to depict the scene which followed the peroration. The sighs and groans, the sobs, the hysterical shrieks of the terrified females, and indeed the convulsive shudder of the whole assembly, I leave to the reader's imagination; or memory if he has ever witnessed a spectacle so thrilling. At the first burst of feeling had a little subsided, the tremendous yet not unmusical voice of the late speaker was heard chanting that striking hymn:

"Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?"

One listener after another joined in the strain, till presently ten thousand voices were blended in the swelling symphony. I have listened to the midnight peal of the roused ocean and trembled amid the thundering of the Niagara, but never was my heart hushed to breathlessness, as by the living chorus of that solemn anthem. The place—the scene—and the music of a vast choir, filling the depths of the more forest with echoes of terrible warning, were all calculated to make a vivid impression even on a mind the most obtuse. I sunk down on my bended knees, awe-struck and overpowered. It seemed to me that every voice was directed to myself, in eager imprecation to fly from the brink of the dreadful abyss to which "hope never comes to all." The services closed with the hymn, the worshippers slowly retired to their respective tents, and silence and sleep resumed their quiet empire; but there I remained, riveted to the earth, motionless, and alone. Ye not alone, for the voice of a mysterious presence kept whispering in my ear, flee to the fold of God! even the man.

itory "stop!" of the thrilling hymn, rung like a trumpet from Heaven through the chambers of my heart. I bowed myself to the earth, and there all night long, amid the gloom of that lonely forest, and the moan of his solemn pines, gazed on the phantoms of mispent hours, imploring light to my darkened spirit, energy to subdue its fiery passions—strength to unmask the specious vanities of the world, and to forego its momentary pleasures, for the unimaginable cycle of an eternal beatitude, till morning dawned upon my silent vigil, and found me blessed with that inward peace which seems the antepast of heaven.

LORD BACON.

Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban, and Lord High Chancellor of England, was born in the year 1561. The following account of this celebrated philosopher is taken from Addison.

"Sir Francis Bacon was a man who, for greatness of genius, and compass of knowledge, did honor to his age and country; I could almost say to human nature itself. He possessed at once, all those extraordinary talents, which were divided amongst the greatest authors of antiquity. He had the sound distinct and comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful lights, graces and embellishments of Cicero. One does not know which to admire most of his writings, the strength of reason, the force of style, or the brightness of imagination."

"I was infinitely pleased, to find among the works of this extraordinary man, a prayer of his own composing; which for the elevation of thought, and greatness of expression, seems rather the devotion of an angel than of a man. His principal fault appears to have been, the excess of that fault which covers a multitude of faults. This betrayed him to so great an indulgence towards his servants, who made a corrupt use of it, that it stripped him of those riches and honors, which a long series of merits had heaped upon him. But in his prayer at the same time that we find him prostrating himself before the great mercy seat, and humbled under afflictions, which at that time lay heavy upon him, we see him supported by the sense of his integrity, his devotion, and his love of mankind; which gave him a much higher figure, in the minds of thinking men, than that greatness had done from which he was fallen. I shall write down the prayer itself, as it was found among his lordship's papers written, with his own hand."

"Most gracious Lord God, my merciful Father, my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter! thou soundest and searchest the depth and secrets of all hearts; thou knowest the uprightness; thou judgest the hypocrite; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hidden from thee."

"Remember, O Lord, how thy servant has walked before thee; remember what I have first sought, and what has been principal in my intentions. I have loved thy assemblies; I have mourned for the divisions of thy church; I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary; I have ever prayed unto thee, that the vine which thy right hand has planted in this nation, might have the former and latter rain; and that it might stretch branches to the seas and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in my eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have, though a despised weed, endeavored to procure the good of all men. If any have been my enemies, I thought not of them, neither has the sun gone down on my displeasure; but I have been as a dove, free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy creatures have been my books, but thy Scriptures much more so. I have sought thee in thy courts, the fields, and the gardens; but I have found thee in thy temples."

"Thousands have been my sins, and ten thousands my transgressions; but thy sanctifications have remained with me; and my heart, through thy grace, hath been an unquenchable coal upon thy altar."

"O Lord my strength, I have from my youth, met with thee in all my ways; in thy fatherly compassions, in thy merciful providences, and in the most visible dispensations. As thy favors have increased upon me, so have thy corrections; as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from thee have pierced me; and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before thee. And now when I have been thinking most of peace and honor, thy hand is heavy upon me, and has humbled me, according to thy humble loving kindness, keeping me still in thy fatherly school, not as a bastard but as a child. Just are thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the seas, but which have no proportion to thy mercies. Besides my innumerable sins, I confess before thee, that I am a debtor to thee for the gracious talents of thy gifts and graces; which I have neither put into a napkin, nor placed, as I ought with exchangers, where it might have made best profit; but I have mispent it in things for which I have least fit; so I may truly say my soul has been a stranger in course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's sake, and receive me into thy bosom, or guide me in thy ways."

THE DYING BED OF A MOTHER.

Of all the relations on earth, none are more sacred than that of a mother. If any person this side of heaven, has claims to superior attention, it is an affectionate, pious, aged, helpless, suffering, dying mother. Sixteen days my mother had been suffering from distress of body. With the exception of one short interview, I had been absent; but now called to gaze upon her dying features. I had ever thought that I could command my feelings on any emergency whatever, but their gushing tide now overwhelmed me. Others told me that she was triumphantly waiting for the chariot to take her home; but I wished to hear the testimony from her own lips. Again and again I went to her bed side, took her hand in mine, with a full resolution to inquire con-

cerning her faith and hope; but as often did the swelling tide stop my utterance—the scenes of infancy all came up in review, and they seemed as if were but yesterday. Her sprightly step, her once blooming features, her soothing voice seemed present before me, renewed in youthfulness and vigor. The hand so often outstretched to save me in the years of childhood, was now growing cold—the eye that once sparkled with rapture at my infantile sports, already half closed—the lips that first told me who made me, and taught me to say "Our Father, who art in heaven," were about to be sealed forever in death—these impressions on the feelings in a measure, which I shall not attempt to describe. Once more I stood by her bed side and with fluttering voice, inquired: "Mother, have you still unshaken faith in God?" But the thrilling name of mother vibrated no longer upon her ear; she answered no more by words or signs. Alas, I kissed the clay-cold hand, and exclaimed, "Farewell, mother, my most beloved mother!" It was no less affecting to see a venerable old man, whose hairs were bleached by the frost of nearly seventy winters, after he had done all that love could suggest, weeping over his dying partner, with whom he had lived almost half a century, and still inquiring, "Do you want anything, my dear? What more can we do for you? If you cannot speak, give me a sign."

But she no longer responds to the most endearing names. Alas, we had followed her to the brink of Jordan, and could go no farther. She had already plunged amidst its cold waves, and must go alone. We gazed upon this solemn scene till Faith whispered, "There is a friend that sicketh closer than a brother." Hope sprang up, and with a firm voice, exclaimed, "If ye believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also, which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him." Love expanded her wings, and triumphantly shouted, "Blessed be God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

A TEMPORIZER AND A DECIDED BELIEVER IN CONTRAST.

The celebrated William Tyndal, who began to be persecuted for his freedom of remark in testimony to the truth, in the commencement of the reformation by Luther, was led to consult a certain divine, who had been chancellor to a bishop. The divine told him confidentially that, in his opinion, the Pope was antichrist, but advised him by no means to avow any sentiment of the kind, as it would be at the peril of his life. Tyndal, however, soon proved himself incapable of concealment, for being in company with a popish divine, he argued so conclusively in favor of a vernacular translation of the Bible, that the divine, unable to answer him, exclaimed, "We had better be without God's laws than the pope's." This fired the spirit of Tyndal, and with holy indignation he replied, "I defy the Pope and all his laws, and if God give me life, ere many years the ploughboys shall know more of the Scriptures than you do,"—a pledge which he amply redeemed, by not only publishing the New Testament in English, adapted to the most refined society, but also in the autobiography of the country people and ploughboys.

In the foregoing account we have two very different characters in contrast. The first was a temporizing, calculating, in a way divine, who, though sound in his opinions, chose not to avow them, and permitted his influence to go against his conscience, lest he should lose his place, or hazard his life. On the other hand we have exhibited the spirit of an honest conscientious friend to the truth—of one who possessed moral courage sufficient to stand by the truth at whatever hazard.—*Harford Watchman.*

From the Lutheran Observer.

TO PIOUS YOUNG MEN.

I much doubt whether many of these young men have ever even agitated the question whether they are called of God to engage in this great business. Many, especially those who live in more remote places, where the publications of the "Education, Missionary, and other Societies are to a very limited extent circulated, have, it is to be feared, but little knowledge of the moral death of our land and world. Or, if they have such knowledge, the subject is so seldom presented to their minds with the force it deserves, or with reference to personal duty, that but comparatively little impression is produced. Such can hardly be expected to inquire whether they ought to enter the ministry. My friend, who are you, now reading these lines? Are you one of the pious young men belonging to the American churches? Though you may be included in the number who ought to preach the Gospel, you may have various reasons for concluding that you are not. Let us examine these reasons.

1. You say you cannot enter the ministry because you have not the means to obtain an education. But have you applied, through your pastor, or otherwise, for assistance from any Society or Board of Education? If not, can you continue to urge the want of means as an excuse?

2. You urge that you have not the requisite qualifications. Let me inquire what qualifications you do need. Want of piety? Go to the foot of the cross, and lie there, till you obtain it. As, however you may form too low an estimate of your piety, you cannot confide solely in your own judgment in this matter and consequently are under obligations to ask the opinion of judicious friends. Do you urge want of talents? This may be a legitimate plea; but it has been urged by some of the most eminent men which the world has produced. When God required the services of Moses, how earnest was he in argument for declining? Jeremiah said, "Ah, Lord God, I cannot speak, for I am a child."

3. Do you say "I do not feel that I have a call to the ministry? If I could ascertain that I had one, I would enter on a course of preparation." But is there no way to ascertain this? It appears to me there is. Consider the momentous bearings of this question of duty. You allow

that you are bound to do all the good and prevent all the evil you can in the world. By entering the ministry with the aid of the Holy Spirit you may be instrumental in converting many of your fellow-men; and in raising up preachers of the Gospel; and in doing much good in various other ways. If you do not enter it, you leave the field to be filled with the natural and rapid growth of errors in doctrine and practice, which will soon amount to little less than heathenism. Go to God in humble and importunate prayer for direction; follow the indications of his Providence and the guidance of his spirit; take counsel of his ministers: be willing to go where duty calls; and if you seriously believe that you can glorify God more by preparing for the ministry, and there be no valid reasons against it; then it appears to me that you are to wait for no other call; and we be to you if, through your own criminal neglect, you preach not the gospel.

To those of you, beloved brethren, who have such a belief, I will mention some of the motives which should constrain you to engage in this work;

1. Your obligation to your Saviour should move you. He has enrolled your name in heaven, and prepared a place for you at his right hand, where you are to drink forever of the streams which make glad the city of your God. O had you a thousand lives to spend in the service of this adorable Being, or had you ten thousand tongues to sound abroad his praise, you should dedicate all to him who has done so much for you.

2. Your obligations to your neighbor. Him, you are commanded to love as yourself—Thousands of your fellow-men, who are all your neighbors, are perishing. The soul of every one of these has been pronounced by him who has the keys of death and hell, to be of more value than the whole world. This thought alone ought to be sufficient to make you rejoice to leave your farm, or your merchandise, or the law, or medicine, and fly to the help of any one who can possibly be rescued from so tremendous a doom.

3. Consistency of conduct. On your knees, at the throne of grace, you plead with your Saviour to send more laborers into the harvest. How can you spread forth your hands, while you are unwilling to do your part towards the advancement of his kingdom and keep back a part of the price?

4. The rewards which await you, if found faithful. "The who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." Wilt you shall thrill through your bosom, in seeing the honor which those whom you are instrumental, in saving, will bring to your Redeemer. You shall never forget, that every soul which is saved will, through some period of eternity, bring more glory to this adorable Being than yet has been brought by all the myriads who have gone to heaven.

In consideration of what has been said, I have two questions to ask, answers to which I solemnly enjoin it upon you to give to the Head of the church.

Do you intend to go up to the help of the Lord in this mighty work? If so, whatsoever your hands find to do, do it with your might.

Are you disposed to decline entering the ministry, or are you halting between two opinions? But are you prepared to resist the calls which are made upon you? I entreat you to think well of this matter before you come to a determination in the negative. As an ambassador of the King of Heaven, I charge you to make those calls a subject of much prayer and meditation. Let the first question on your self-examination list, for morning, be, Am I going to glorify my Saviour to-day by not setting my face towards the Christian ministry?—And let your first question on your self-examination list, for evening, be, Have I glorified God to-day in not setting my face towards the ministry?—While engaged on your farm, or in your shop, or in your law or medicine, often put the question to your conscience, Do I believe my God looks down upon me with as much approbation as he would if I were now engaged in laboring in the vineyard of his Son?

Can you quietly stand still and see multitudes perish? Have you no bowels of pity? Have you no sentiments of compassion?—Have you no tender concern for your perishing fellow-men? If you have, I beseech you to show it, by flying to their help. How will your very knees smite together with trembling, when you see them pointing out their hands towards you in the presence of the assembled universe, and hear them saying, "There stand the men who solemnly covenanted, over the body and blood of their Lord, that they would love their neighbor as themselves; but they loved us not—though they knew what evil was coming on us forever, they pitied us not!" How will your hearts die within you, when you hear your Saviour say, Is this the way you have shown your gratitude to Me, who shed my blood for you?

Drug Store.

THE Subscribers have removed to their New Store on Front Street, opposite to that of Taylor & Panch's where they have and will continue to keep a full and complete assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Surgical Instruments, and Shop Furniture; Also: Paints, Oils, Glass, Dye Stuffs, and Perfumery. All of which they propose selling on the most reasonable terms; and particularly so, to those making large purchases. Any article they may not have on hand when applied for, will be procured on short notice.

POWE & MALLOY.

March 21st.

Land For Sale.

THE Subscribers offers for Sale, his plantation in Marlborough District, containing 710 acres prime Cotton and Corn land, having about 250 acres under cultivation. It is situated three miles from the Court House and has a comfortable dwelling house and necessary out buildings upon it. Persons desiring to purchase it, can ascertain the terms by applying to C. W. Dudley at Marlborough C. House, or to the Subscribers himself on the premises.

JOHN R. DONALDSON.

May 23d.

Sheriff's Sales.

On writs of *Fieri Facias*. WILL be sold before the Court House, on the first Monday in September next, within the legal hours, the following property, viz:

One negro man, (Dennis) levied on as the property of Russell McDonald, at the suit of J. C. Galt vs. R. McDonald.
Will be leased to the lowest bidder two Lots in the Town of Cheraw No. 63 and 64 belonging Jos. H. Towns, for the Taxes of the last year—amount, \$4 53. Terms—cash.

Purchasers will pay for Sheriff's Titles.

A. M. LOWRY, Sheriff C. D.

Sheriff's Office.

12th Aug. 1837.

Java, Lagura, & Rio office.

A GOOD supply of the above article on hand and for sale, by

J. MALLOY & Co.

Feb. 6th, 1837.

Steel Saw Cotton Gin.

A FIRST rate article, (Morrison's make) for For sale low by

D. McNAIR.

July 24, 1837.

Corn & Meal.

THE highest market prices will be paid for the above articles, which are now very scarce. Apply to

J. MALLOY & Co.

July 10th, 1837.

Job Printing.

Executed at THIS OFFICE with neatness and despatch, and at the shortest notice.

UMBRILLAS AND PARASOLS.

DOZEN Silk and Cotton Umbrellas; and 2 dozen Parasols. For sale by

J. MALLOY & Co.

June 14, 1837.

Northern Flour, &c.

SUPERFINE Western Canal Flour, No. 1, 2 and 3-Mackerel.

Cheese, Rice, of the new crop, Apples.

Just received and for sale by

JOHN A. INGLIS.

27th Feb. 1837.

BOOK BINDING.

THE subscribers have established themselves in the above line of business in Cheraw and offer their services to its citizens.

G. BAZENCOURT, & CO.

Cheraw, S. C., Jan. 26.

LEMON SYRUP.

DOZ. Bottles Fresh Lemon Syrup, for sale by

JNO. MALLOY & Co.

June 14, 1837.

Bagging, Rope, Groceries, &c.

HEAVY lamp and tow Bagging; Russia hemp Bale Rope;

Sewing Twine; St. Croix and Porto Rico Sugars;

Loaf and Lump Sugar; Mocha, Old Java, Lagura, and Rio Coffee;

West India Molasses; Imperial, Hyson and Souchong Teas;

Chocolate No. 1; Dana Sanger & Co's Soap, in large bars;

Hall & Son's Patent mould Candies; Troy mould do.;

Sperm do.;

Together with a general assortment of Dry Goods, hardware, hollowware, Crockery, Hats, Shoes, &c. For sale by

JOHN A. INGLIS.

Nov. 15.

Removal.

THE subscribers have this day removed to a NEW BUILDING one door below their old stand, and offer for sale a large and extensive stock of NEW & FASHIONABLE GOODS,

consisting of Dry Goods, Hardware, & Groceries; Also—A large stock of Domestic and Foreign Liquors & Wines; all of which will be sold low for cash or country produce.

M. & R. HAILEY.

Feb. 11, 1837.

Copartnership Formed.

THE subscribers have this day formed a copartnership in business, under the firm of

W. & T. BAILEY & CO.

and have taken the Store lately occupied by Mr. A. P. LaCOSTE, one door north of Kershaw street.

W. J. BAILEY.

T. B. BAILEY.

JOHN W. McRAE.

Jan. 2d, 1837.

Over Coats and Cloaks.

CLOTH, Coats, hair and Petersham Over Coats,

Pilot and half Pilot Coats, Ladies and Gentlemen's Cloaks,

For sale by

D. MALLOY.

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American Farmer.

COMPLETE sets of this excellent periodical, consisting of 15 volumes each.

Also, ROBERTS' SILK MANUAL, a work of general utility, comprising all the information necessary to be known in the culture of the Mulberry and growth of Silk.

The above works are offered for sale, at the office of the FARMER and GARDNER, North-east corner of Baltimore and Charleston-streets, Baltimore, Md.

April 15th, 1837.

POLICIES will be issued upon Buildings

Merchandise in Store, and on the river to and from Charleston and Georgetown; also on Cotton in store. Persons living in the country and towns adjacent by giving a description of their property, can have it insured against loss or damage by fire.

D. S. HARLEE, Agent at Cheraw, for Insur. Co. of Columbia, S. C.

April 10, 1836.

MOLASSES.

10 Hhls Cuba Molasses.

20 Bbls. New Orleans do.

For sale by

W. & T. BAILEY & Co.

12th June, 1837.

State of S. Carolina

MARLBOROUGH DISTRICT.

TO all whom it may concern. They are hereby notified and informed that I will apply, at the next Session of the Legislature of this State, for a renewal of the Charter of Caslawy Ferry, and to have the same vested in myself, my heirs or assigns.

JAMES ERYN.

August 30

RICE.

Casks of Rice just received, and for sale by

W. & T. BAILEY & Co.

12th June, 1837.

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Wanted to Hire.

A active intelligent Negro Boy to wait about the Store, and attend to business generally. Good wages will be given.

Apply to

D. MALLOY.

August 9, 1837.

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Dish Covers.

A few sets of Dish Covers, made of the best material, for sale, by

J. HERVEY.

August 30

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SUPPLEMENT TO THE GLOBE.

FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE AND APPENDIX.

Sensible of the deep interest which must be felt throughout the Union in the proceedings of a new Congress, convoked by the new administration, to meet the extraordinary emergencies which have arisen since the close